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GRUNDY'S.

280. f. 1030.

GRUNDY'S.

GRUNDY'S:

OR,

HARRY'S FIRST HALF.

BY A SCHOOLBOY.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY
ROBERT HARDWICKE, 192, PICCADILLY.
1860.

PREFACE.

THE following pages, written by me when I was twelve years of age, were discovered among some of my old papers, forcibly reminding me of those days when the incidents therein related had great weight and attraction with me. In the hope and belief that, abounding in truthful detail, they may prove to the juvenile portion of my readers, if not to those who are children of a larger growth, as entertaining as they then did to me, I have been induced to lay them before the public; and I have the less hesitation in so doing, feeling that whatever may be the result of my endeavours to amuse, the intention remains.

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

Oh, when I think of bygone days,
  And brood upon the past,
The thoughts of all my waggish ways
  I'll never from me cast.
Old Time can ne'er from me efface
  The pranks at school I play'd,
For every nook and every face
  In memory is stayed.
Why should I hold those thoughts? Say then
  The question I may ask;
Indeed, to keep them in a pen
  Is not an easy task;
I, therefore, from a pen will take them,
  Though, first of all, my head
Must slightly be aroused to make them
  At all fit to be read.
Not having tried my skill before
  In poetry to write,
Though not convinced, I'm nearly sure
  You'll bear that fact in sight.
If my endeavours should but tend
  To wile an hour away,
Believe me I have gain'd my end;
  So now I'll say my say.

GRUNDY'S.

CHAPTER I.

'T WAS in a warm month of the year,
  In July, I believe,
Our hero sat, 'twixt grief and fear,
  With eyes dried by his sleeve.
He was a lad some four feet high,
  And rather stout than thin;
He often heaved a far-fetched sigh,
  The tears dropped from his chin.
His name was Harry, you must know,
  And "petted up" was he;
'T was going to school that grieved him so,
  None could more wretched be.
And thus he sat, it is a fact,
  For nearly half an hour;
His nose look'd like a cataract,
  His eyes rain'd down a shower.

His sister, seated by his side,
  Was watching every tear
That roll'd adown his dimpled hide,
  And said: "Don't cry, my dear.
You nearly make me weep myself;
  Come, let me dry your eyes,
There are some sweets upon that shelf,
  And in that bag some pies.
Ah! now the sun will soon be out,
  If I begin to talk:
When you're at school, your box you'll rout
  To find the camphor'd chalk,
Unless I tell you that it is
  Just up in a sly corner;
Now let me look at your old phiz,
  It couldn't look forlorner."
"Clara," said he, "don't teaze me so,
  I do not like such fun;
I know that when away I go,
  You'll think of what you've done."
"No doubt I shall," the minx replied,
  With fuel to the fire,

"I ll think of what I've bought!" she cried,
  In tones full three notes higher:
"Perhaps you'll do the same, my boy,
  When you're in bed to-night;
That's just the place, there every toy
  Will pass before your sight.
I made you a glazed-lining bag,
  In which to put your suck;
I dare say you'll be some boy's fag,
  I wish you no such luck.
You'll write to me, now, won't you, dear,
  Whenever you have time?"
The answer was a briny tear;
  He said: "I know that I'm
A very wicked boy indeed."
  Then looking in her face,
As if her very soul he'd read,
  Gave her a hug—embrace
I rather think is more polite—
  And off they stroll'd together,
Each said the other was quite right,
  He storm, and she fine weather,

If you may judge them by their talk;
The boy a log, the girl a feather,
If you may ditto by their walk.
Down the garden, then, they roam,
Thinking there's no place like home;
Harry, good-bye bid to the flowers,
He'd be at school in a few hours.
Poor chap! his heart was full, I ween,
If you had all his gestures seen,
You might have thought, "You stupid fellow,"
In leaving Dick, he just did bellow:
Dick was a cat, and his best pet,
Could he not find him, how he'd fret.
Soon was he torn from this his sport
Of chasing Dick, a glass of port
Was waiting for him, poor young Harry,
Who found he longer couldn't tarry.
The coach drove up unto the door,
And Harry rose, with eyes quite sore,
To kiss his mother, dad, and sister,
And sally forth, his face a blister,
Into the street, where he did mount,

With eyes resembling much a fount.
On ruminating, he's relieved,
For there's the cramming he'd received.
Not only what he'd drunk and ate,
But that which pointed out his fate:
His mother told him he might run
All o'er the fields, and have "such fun;"
In kitchen might, with his own eyes,
See Mrs. Grundy make the pies—
Maternal parent told him wrong,
Which he discover'd before long—
Described the kind of food he'd eat,
For breakfast, eggs, and ham, and meat,
In short, he'd have just what he wish'd,
And everything so nicely dish'd.
He little thought, poor chap, that day,
That only he was served that way.
The coach drove off, and Harry turn'd
  A last and longing look
Upon his home. The man he spurned
  Who instituted book.
A good two hours' ride he had,

And ponder'd on his jam,
If it was kept, it would get bad;
Green youth, the boys could cram.
The town at last in sight appears
Wherein is Harry's school,
So he must either dry his tears,
Or else be called a fool.
He wonder'd what the place was like,
And much desired to know,
His thoughts recurring to poor Smike,
He hoped he'd not be so.
At length the school itself is reach'd,
Alas! full soon you'll find,
The boys, when they saw Harry, screech'd,
"There's a new boy behind."

CHAPTER II.

Young Harry to a room was taken,
In which, or he was much mistaken,
A boy was seated in a chair,
Who at his trowsers much did stare;
It was the invalids' own room,
And in the corner was a broom;
A fire then was not in date,
But by its ghost sat one sedate,
Who made the second,
Else wrong I've reckoned,
Set up a sort of put-on laugh,
So Harry set him down a calf;
As yet I've only told you half.
He did not think that they look'd ill,
One's name was Jack, the other's Bill;
Jack's surname, I believe, was Leach,

And of ghost stories he would teach;
Now William Johnstone was the other,
Who never strove his mirth to smother,
Although at other folks' expense;
I wonder he had not more sense.
He then possessed a youthful sister,
And very often William kiss'd her,
When going back again to school too,
It generally made a rule too,
As well as when he went to bed,
At least so he himself had said;
Then why was Harry called a fool,
When on his going first to school,
He'd kissed his own dear little sister,
And, when once there, confess'd he miss'd her?
You now shall hear what these boys said:
"I don't think he can be well fed,"
Exclaimed Bill Johnstone, in great ire.
"His trowsers, too, if braced up higher,
Would all the better look," said Jack,
"And not quite so much like a sack."
He then clutched at a bag behind,

Exclaiming: "Pray who was so kind
As for to make you these here breeches,
They're e'en a better fit than Leach's?"
"Now, doleful, what's your name, old chap?"
Roar'd out Jack Leach, and then a rap
Did not come very light on Harry,
Who wanted then no more to tarry;
He told them, saying "Will that do?"
At which Leach roar'd out, "Harry who?"
"Why, Snooks, of course," said wicked Bill,
How Harry's eyes with tears did fill;
'T was then he thought of parents kind,
Whom twenty miles he'd left behind,
And said unto himself: "Alas!
That all these things should come to pass,
Since yesterday." Indeed, while musing
And such sad thoughts as these perusing,
Some person talking in the room
The next to that where lounged the broom
Arrested his profound attention;
He heard him shortly his name mention,
And having had strict orders how,

When Grundy came, to make a bow,
Prepared for the expected meeting,
And gave a most respectful greeting:
The bow was not reciprocated,
The thing the boys anticipated,
And, bart'ring laughs with one another,
They something said about his mother,
As to whose health Grundy inquired,
"She," Harry said, "respects desired."
Said Grundy, "To the playground go,
You must avoid the dog, you know;
I'd better take you there myself."
He took his hat from off a shelf,
And out they went, the two together,
Their talk consisting of the weather.
When in the yard at length they came,
The dog began to have a game
With his old master,
And bark the faster,
Which window'd all the boys, intent
On seeing if he did prevent
A man from making his appearance,

And likewise causing a great clearance,
In pantry, kitchen too, and larder,
Although, as nothing could be harder,
The thing was very seldom done
But by the boys, they said, for fun,
Who, when at night were thought in bed,
Would in the pantry be, 'tis said;
Where butter, bread, and cheese abound,
And milk, in which you might be drowned,
If so, indeed, you felt inclined.
But as to that, why, never mind,
My story be continued must,
Too bright are my ideas to rust.
The schoolroom windows faced the yard,
Were high, and most securely barred;
They by this time were fairly lined
With boys uncouth, while some behind
With those in front began to fight.
A new boy was a pleasant sight,
Suggesting tricks that they should play him,
And how they could the best waylay him.
Our hero knew that they were talking

About the style he had in walking;
He likewise heard the words "new chap,"
And these thoughts filled his head. Mayhap
I'm victim of their wicked schemes;
This home, alas! a prison seems,
Compared with that I've left behind.
He felt, his handkerchief to find,
Which article, he did lament,
Was not in home's predicament;
Young Bill and Jack had been too wise
For Harry's dull and heavy eyes.
They'd eas'd him of the needed thing,
Which urchin small did after bring;
Said, but for him, it had been lost,
And same time asked him what it cost,
Which Harry thought not fit to tell,
Supposing it might be a sell.
But this was when they weren't in school,
They were just then, and very cool,
The windows thickly so to line;
Said Grundy, "It is very fine,"
Casting one optic to the sky,

And threat'ning with the other eye,
As if to indicate by signs
That they should have a hundred lines,
Unless they got down from that place,
And in five minutes not a face
Was seen poked through the grating,
In ten they all were slating.
Grundy and pupil then proceeded,
Oh! how the latter's poor heart bleed did,
At thought of his impending fate,
From slate to book, from book to slate,
His wretched thoughts began to wander,
And on his schoolfellows to ponder.
At length the playground was attained,
In which were marks, where, when it rained,
The water found its dribbling way
To where the land the lowest lay.
On to some bits of ground were cast
His eyes, where herbs grew very fast,
In shape of mustard and of cress,
Boys couldn't cultivate much less;
These were their gardens, you must know,

The plants wherein they thought a show
As good as any held at Chiswick,
Which they pronounced as really physic
Compared with their display so floral,
From mustard upwards, say to laurel.
Shrove Tuesday was the chosen day
For claiming gardens, and to play
At football for the opening game,
When many a lad hopped off quite lame,
Through having had a nasty kick
From boots on purpose rather thick.
In frying pancakes, work cut out,
Was more than cook did care about.
But of my tale, pray, where's the thread?
By roving thoughts I've been misled.
For half an hour a piece of tin,
Which made a rather pleasing din,
By Harry's foot was kicked along,
Resounding like the tuneful gong.
Thus cud of disappointment chewing,
He little thought that he was doing,
To those who were their tasks perusing,

A favour not the least amusing.
Within the school-room was his box,
With one of Chubb's new patent locks,
That prying boys could not undo,
And all his secrets look into.
Now when the hour of five o'clock
Is struck by hammer with a knock,
The boys with one intention seem
To come out running in a stream,
And Harry, kicking still his tin,
Finds scarcely what a mob he's in,
Until entirely surrounded,
And by a set of boys confounded,
At least so little Harry thought them,
He even so much lower brought them
In his superior estimation,
As, without the least hesitation,
To give them a sublime grimace,
That is, contortion of the face,
And then of course there is a race
To catch the impudent offender,
Who doubtless finds he's rather tender.

When all of them have really finished,
His anger likewise is diminished.
At six, they scramble in to tea,
They called it "grub," so let it be.

CHAPTER III.

Tea over—that is, milk-and-water—
They do not give poor Harry quarter,
But thinking he's refreshed by food,
Their persecution is renewed.
A youth, with a commanding air,
Points to a corner, says, "Stand there,
I'll let you know that I'm a teacher;"
And doesn't even move a feature.
Not having been to school before,
Says Harry, "I'll do so no more."
The "teacher" still is most unbending,
Says he, "My boys, you've been offending;
You're, likewise, sir, a little coward—
Now don't you let him go, Tom Howard!"
This Thomas was a fat old podge,
And always up to every dodge;

A good hand also in a row,
And nicknamed thus—" the Old Red Cow."
A temper stubborn, too, had he,
As stubborn as it well could be.
Yet brains had Thomas in his head,
For many volumes had he read,
Was then perhaps twelve years of age,
And, I am told, reputed sage.
How long staid Harry, I know not,
But certain am, that from the spot
He by a ringing bell was called,
And "all in" from each throat was bawled.
They entered to say evening prayers,
And so did he; instead of chairs,
Some rows of forms soon met his eye,
The change made the poor fellow cry.
The boys removed their boots and shoes,
Our hero said he didn't choose;
He never did so when at home,
Before he up the hill did roam,
Why should he take them off at school?
Was it an old established rule?

"It is, you fool," they each one cried;
He told them plainly they had lied.
It was, I think, just eight o'clock,
When parted boot or shoe from sock,
The boys had hinted he must sing
Soon after the school bell did ring.
No sooner then had he begun,
Than laughter through the school had run,
Whereat old Grundy wished to know
The lad who dared to behave so;
So round the room with strap he went,
And sought out, with no good intent,
The youth who, tho' he sang so sweetly,
Behaved so very indiscreetly.
Each boy in turn was singly asked,
And some of them were doubly tasked,
But one much more than all the rest,
Who'd been in fact all night in quest
Of getting poor young Harry thrashed,
Now he himself was soundly lashed
For telling Grundy an untruth,
And likewise being so uncouth,

As loud to laugh right in his face,
When he was bent upon the chase.
This gained for Harry no more quiet,
The school seem'd one eternal riot.
At length, the prayers all being ended,
The preceptor his fin extended
To Harry, who, in walking, said,
"And pray, sir, are we off to bed?
At home, sir, I sit up till nine
At least, now this is very fine."
Just by the stairs stood Mrs. G.,
Who came out every night to see
The boys, and wish them all good-night,
And ascertain they were all right.
A party tried to stand up close,
Exclaiming "Piff 'm wants a dose."
Then Piff stepp'd forth in his defence,
A nd ask'd if he had not more sense
Than not to know when he was ill;
In fact, he often took a pill,
Purchas'd with some of his own money,
And that it would be very funny,

If pills he did'nt thus prefer
To being shut for days in there.
With that he quickly moved a joint
Of finger foremost to a point
Which I think I have named before,
As being the hospital for
The sick, the wounded, and the sore,
Boys who were ill from over-cramming,
Or, perhaps, not ill at all, but shamming,
Whose schoolfellows gave them the credit
Of doing so, and plainly said it.
Said Harry, "Sir, may I sit up
An hour more, and with you sup?"
"No," Mr. Grundy said, he thought
If he let one, the whole he ought;
Harry with him could not agree,
And told him that he didn't see
Why they should him at once deprive
Of what he knew had made him thrive;
A little supper of a night
Was necessary, in his sight,
For one who very fast was growing,

He knew that all his ribs were showing.
Then his preceptor Harry told,
No argument with him he'd hold,
For if a boy'd been there a week,
Or e'en a year, and were to seek
For favour more than all the rest,
Or wanted to be liked the best,
He must obey his slighest orders,
Setting example to the boarders.
So Harry, finding he had better
Obey his master to the letter,
Forthwith repaired the shortest way
To where that night he wretehed lay;
But first he went to get his night-gown,
Telling a servant it was right down
At the bottom of his box, and
That she'd know it by the wristband.
Said she "Sir, I should think I knew
A night-gown quite as well as you
When one I saw ;
Come, there's the door,
So you'd much better disappear,

And not stay longer ord'ring here."
Thus, seeing that he must depart,
He slunk away quite sick at heart.
Down on his chest his head was bent,
And sighing deep, to bed he went,
Wishing that he had ne'er been born.
To be thus from his parents torn
Had proved indeed a bitter thing,
And sorely did the parting sting.
As soon as e'er the bed he reaches,
He takes off both his coat and breeches,
And kneels down by its foot to pray,
The boys, on which, in whispers say
That he no doubt is most religious,
Or that his sins must be prodigious,
To make him pray so very long.
"Perhaps you know he has done wrong,"
Suggested some one by his side,
Whom Harry 'gan aloud to chide,
Informing that young man, forsooth,
He's a perverter of the truth.
Said he, "You know you can't deny it,

Although I dare say you may try it."
The other boys all laughed at this
And said, "Make it up with a kiss,"
"Let not the sun upon your wrath
Descend, sweet cherub," and so forth.
Now Hal was going to comply,
But Fred exclaimed, "I am too shy
By half, to think of such a thing,"
When Harry Jones his lips did bring
To what is called a proper focus,
And found it was a hocus-pocus.
He then abuse began to pour;
But as a teacher ope'd the door,
It stopped the volley in a minute,
And like a sprightly little linnet
Our hero hopped into his bed,
And, rather frightened, hid his head
Beneath the counterpane and clothes,
Where he, the artful dog, did doze;
That is, according to pretence,
Tho' any one with common sense
Could tell a *bonâ fide* snore

From one like that of a wild boar.
The teacher told them very plainly,
If ever they were so ungainly
Again, he'd task them all severely,
Altho' he loved, and none more dearly,
No need to have of names a list,
Or ever use his hand or fist.
A list was but a piece of paper,
Upon the which this Mr. Taper
Would frequently put down their names
If they got up to any games
Which he considered to be wicked,
In which how often he was tricked,
I'll not of course engage to tell,
Altho' I know, and that full well,
His lists did sometimes go to what
These boys denominated "pot."
And had not memory truly served him,
It would indeed have quite unnerved him;
But as he always too well knew
The boys whom tasks he'd given to,
He'd just the imposition double

And save himself all further trouble.
Not e'en the nature of the task
Of any boy would Taper ask,
Which he had given to the lad,
Let him be either good or bad,
But put him down what he thought fit,
Either to write, or else a hit
Would come upon the little ears
Of one of these poor ill-used dears.
Now when the teacher had descended,
Our hero's snoring quickly ended,
And in a curled-up attitude,
He thought of boys' ingratitude;
But off to sleep he went at last,
To blow awhile a snorting blast,
Which kept his fellow so awake,
That he the liberty did take
To pinch his much respected nose,
And give him one or two good blows,
That merely roused him for a time
To recommence the noise sublime;
And only made him wish that he

In any other place might be,
Where he could sleep in peace and quiet,
And not be so disturbed by riot.
It was enough to turn his brain,
And if they did it once again,
He'd go and tell the worthy pastor,
Who very soon, no doubt, would master
The naughty, cruel, wicked boys,
And cause the tumult, and the noise
And badgering to cease at once,
For he was sure that any dunce
Would naturally wish to stop
And shut his mouth, he said "his shop,"
On these, or other like conditions;
That else he must have admonitions
Inflicted in the way I'll mention,
Of say perhaps the first declension,
Or if a boy would take the scourge ill,
A hundred lines, or more, of Virgil,
But that's as Grundy felt inclined;
Poor Harry, out of bed, you'll find
Attains the summit of the stairs

And in despairing accents blairs,
Beginning bitterly to weep,
"Sir, if you please sir, I can't sleep."
When Mr. Grundy hears this row,
He says, "Well, what's the matter now?
You must lie down, Sir, anyhow,
I cannot listen to you now."
So Harry finds he must retrace
His steps unto his *resting*-place,
Which has been altered since he left,
And of its pillow too bereft,
Sprinkled with salt and apple-pied,
And strewn with large may bugs beside.
Poor fellow! having overcome
These obstacles, he does succumb
At length to balmy sleep, which drowns
His heavy cares and fortune's frowns.

CHAPTER IV.

On waking early the next day,
He hears his playmates gravely say,
They do not like him very much,
And that they think his conduct such
That they for long can never bear,
Indeed that all the time he's there
They will not even kindly treat him,
But cut him dead whene'er they meet him,
Because he has so greatly erred,
And probably them all deterred,
From making him their bosom friend,
And just to gain his selfish end.
So Harry says he begs their pardon,
And theirs not being hearts to harden,
They intimate that pardon's granted,
At which the victim's quite enchanted.

In his room were a chosen few,
Who snuff, I've heard, we're up unto.
They treat him now as of their party,
And ask him if he's well and hearty.
Then all get up, and go down stairs,
And wash, then Grundy reads the prayers;
Though first for towels there's a fight,
And many vanish out of sight;
One boy has three, another two,
You'll ask, with these what can they do,
I'll tell you. First, they take the best,
And having done so, leave the rest
To those who in the scramble got none,
And many of the boys have not one.
Sometimes, a very lazy lout,
Who hears the bell, but won't "get out,"
Just like the sluggard, keeps his bed,
And very frequently, 'tis said,
Which I believe, the reason is
A very good one; one of his
Companions for him one has got,
And also has, I'll tell you what

Just hid it slyly for the lout,
Where he knows well to find it out;
But then he frequently comes down
To learn, the sloth, that he's done brown,
For other boys perchance may know
The place where surplus towels go,
When they themselves have not been lucky,
And got, perhaps, a towel mucky.
Thus, then, the lazy loon is dished,
And doesn't get just what he wished.
Two tubs are placed upon a stool,
And Mr. Grundy makes a rule
That he'll not change the dirty water,
Which much resembles weakish porter,
When all the washermen have finished,
Is likewise very much diminished,
And very frequently is found
In little pools upon the ground;
Which last result is by a scuffle,
Or else the tubs have had a shuffle.
Now, tho' its very plain to me,
Perhaps my readers may not see

Yet tell me, how would you or I
Like to be *sent* to Coventry?
Such, then, kind reader, was, in truth,
The destination of that youth,
Who, he himself was forced to own,
Was nominally in that town.
And now there is a ceaseless hum,
Which clear evinced the boys weren't dumb.
"Sweet music, thou hast charms, indeed,
To soothe," &c., so we read.
Without experience, I fear,
No one can form the least idea,
How boys repeating exercises
Our equilibrium surprises,
Or what a Babel-like sensation
Results from that and contemplation.
Our hero thought it *was* a noise,
But didn't think to count the boys.
He first was put in class the third,
And must exert himself, he heard.
His class was tables called to say,
Which he'd ne'er seen before that day.

He said—"I've learn'd twice one are two"
Old Taper said, "Then that won't do,—
A pretty sort of chap are you."
For some time forth did Harry dread
When he to Taper tables said,
That he should them not know by heart,
And therefore only learn'd his part,
Or, I should say, the one he found
Came to his turn in every round.
But he was often caught at this,
For Taper frequently would miss
One boy, and only just to see,
If any one could ever be
So very wicked as to do
What I have just described to you.

CHAPTER V.

When school is o'er, they all partake,
Of slices cut from Harry's cake;
Some by disguise and artifice,
Are 'cute enough to get served twice,
And by their walking in and out,
He cannot tell what he's about,
But cuts for every greedy elf,
Until he finds, with none himself,
He's distributed every piece,
And then, at length, his labours cease.
In after-days he learns the fact,
That by his voluntary act,
Through non-acquaintance with their faces,
And other causes, signs, and traces,
He's been too generous by half,
Which only gives him cause to laugh,

And fully to account at length,
For why the boys came in such strength,
As at the time it did portend
The applicants would never end.
This of the tricks that he was play'd
Is but a unit, I'm afraid:—
To enter into detail quite,
Would occupy from morn till night.
But just a few I will attempt,
Of which our hero never dreamt.
Perchance at night, when snugly housed
And snoring, he would be aroused
By something fasten'd to his toe,
And pull'd until he called out "Oh!"
I need not tell you this was string,
Which to his senses quick did bring;
Or if that did not rouse enough,
They'd clog his nostrils up with snuff.
Or sitting down to con his task,
Upon a form, perhaps you'll ask
What makes him start, and almost cry
Aloud, tho' Grundy's standing by?

'Tis an ingenious contrivance,
Invented by the joint connivance
Of rascals mischievous, unruly,
And unchristian, to speak truly.
A needle in that form's inserted,
Which pricks him, and so much diverted
Are all but he who really suffers,
That wide they grin, the silly buffers.
Fictitious parcels, too, in hampers,
Which turn out nothing else but dampers;
At least in his opinion candid,
He thinks the boys are underhanded.
Old boots, wrapt up in paper brown,
Which make poor Harry look straight down
His nasal organ, and much duller,
On finding he is done that colour.
Contents these parcels likewise had
Of equal worth—it was too bad.
His knife was borrow'd once by Jack,
Who ask'd him if it would go back,
And then, upon his saying "No,"
That knife did in Jack's pocket go.

At church, they tried to make him laugh,
Which was, indeed, too bad by half,
For though he felt more fit to cry,
He did, against his wish, comply
With theirs, and really laugh'd at nought,
At least so after church he thought.
Such troubles small, and little cares,
With resignation Harry bears,
Although he thinks them very great,
And hard imagines then his fate.
Poor boy! in after-life, I know,
He'll change his mind, and not think so,
When troubles true, and cares more real,
Are his to bear, 't is then he'll feel
How circumstances alter cases,
And each year modifies the phases
Of life, and as that life advances,
The value of youth's days enhances.
Often is he compell'd to fight
Against his will, when his own right
He has upheld, as all boys will,
And thus, perhaps, induced a mill

He to avoid was not empower'd,
Without the appellation "coward,"
Than which there's nothing more appealing
To boys of honourable feeling.
For instance, he may well resent
An insult which he knows is meant
To cause the crawling of the monkey
Upon his back; and if not, "funky,"
Which is a most expressive term,
Or else "contemptible young worm,"
Is quickly cast into his teeth;
Their notice he is quite beneath:
And then his brave antagonist,
Who may be bigger, shakes his fist,
Or puts on bearing pugilistic,
And evolutions most artistic,
Requests that he will only hit him,
And see how quickly he'll transmit him
Into the centre of next week,
And says he is a nasty sneak;
That, though he may be very grand,
He'd fight two like him with one hand.

A friend may here insert his nose,
Who feels that he must interpose,
And much would like to see him do it,
He wouldn't bless the day he'd rue it;
Who's pretty sure that the first round
Would give him cause to smell the ground:
And so from words they come to blows,
And Harry gets a bloody nose,
Or perhaps an eye of sombre hue,
Or both his eyes, and smeller too;
But that the fortune is of war,
His best he does, and can no more;
And every schoolboy does the same,
Or else is snubb'd as being tame.
The picture isn't quite so dark
As you may think it is, and mark
What follows; from a storm perforce,
Is sunshine, as a thing of course.
In pastime many happy hours
Are spent by schoolboys, and the showers
Which sometimes cast a gloom around,
Are sources whence their joy is found.

For who the sweets of life can taste,
In what is call'd "this dreary waste,"
And feel their pleasures so refined,
As when with bitters they're combined?
At school, besides, with education
Is often laid the firm foundation
Of manhood, mind and body too,
When boys a proper course pursue
Of exercise as well as learning,
And are sufficiently discerning
To see that work and play combined
Cause health of body and of mind,
And that to study day and night
Makes Jack a boy not over bright;
Yet 't is not every one will own
This fact, but sticks to books alone.
Harry discover'd the inducements
To join in open-air amusements;
That health and true exhilaration
Result from proper recreation.
Hop-scotch, hop-base, hoop, cat, and cricket,
With double and with single wicket,

Trap bat and ball, and prisoners' base,
Or hunt the stag, a downright chase,
With boy for stag and boy for dog;
Or fly the garter, or leap-frog.
A time for marbles, too, is chosen,
When standing still they won't be frozen;
That season o'er and marbles "out,'
"Smuggings" are said to be about,
Which means a misappropriation
Of other's goods;—the appellation
In Johnson may not be, or Walker;
But then boys call a knife "a porker;"
A pig, too, bears the same cognomen,
And *cave* is a word of omen;
"Donkey" for veal is understood,
And "stunning" means supremely good:
But, take the meaning as you may,
Those boys who out of season play,
When marbles are deem'd contraband,
Will soon, I dare say, understand.
When tops were once declared as "out,"
"Smuggings" were likewise much about.

Such pastime, as a general rule,
Is to be found in every school,
So Harry join'd with hearty will
In play, and dropp'd the doctor's bill.

CHAPTER VI.

THE time pass'd on so very well
That Harry Jones could scarcely tell
How many weeks he'd been at school
Though every boy had made a rule
A kind of calendar to make,
And then from Grundy wafers take,
With which upon their desks they'd stick it,
And early every morning tick it,
Or strike the time off day by day,
Until from school they went away.
Whenever out for walks they went
They were on some adventure bent,
And Harry Jones would take the lead,
On which, of course, they all agreed,
For he'd been into favour taken,
Because in him they were mistaken.

And so a few would stay behind,
To see if they could birds' nests find,
Or else to go another way,
Because they did not wish to stay
With all the others, and so long
They thought, as they did nothing wrong,
And managed to get home in time,
The which they didn't, or else I 'm
So very, very much deceived
That I can scarcely be relieved,
They got in scrapes which, I dare say,
They were not out of the next day:
Of these each boy was call'd a brick.
About this time they did a trick
Which, if reveal'd, would cause much pain,
Such as produced by strap or cane.
They bought a gun six inches long,
nd bound it on a stock so strong,
Come off it wouldn't in a hurry,
So you need not be in a flurry;
And every night "down town" they went,
On killing game their thoughts intent;

Each one a halfpenny did club up,
Or, as the boys would call it, "dub up,"
To buy the powder and the shot,
And all sorts of I don't know what;
But how they got their leave "down town,"
A secret only to them known,
Was but to ask in turns each night,
And as one boy another might
Along with him each journey take,
They never the least fuss did make,
But managed it so very well,
Because the others couldn't tell,
Seeing, in fact, they didn't know,
Which perhaps had caused it to be so.
The bell would often ring at night,
When this choice party wern't in sight,
And when at last they showed their bodies,
A pretty set of old tom-noddies,
The other boys would questions ask,
While some would tell them that a task
Was ready cut and dried, and waiting,
And some were enviously prating

About their being always favoured,
That they of beer, or else ale, savoured,
Could guess that they'd been in the tap,
And were all safe to get the strap.
One boy indeed was rather curious,
And said that beer was most injurious;
Old Taper too wished much to know,
Where these boys of a night did go.
They said "The town's the only place
That has to-night seen any face."
Snares by the boys were thickly set,
To try them into trouble get.
Taper affirmed he was contented,
And very much indeed lamented
The other boys could tell such lies,
'T was truly wicked in his eyes;
Although he at a loss was quite,
Why they not once, but every night,
Returned when dusk and 'twasn't light,
To him it did'nt seem all right.
One night the rascals were pursued,
For being quite, not *rather*, rude

Unto a man who came along,
They all began to sing a song,
Which was preceded by a flat
About a donkey and a hat.
John Leach was of this singing party,
And he, of all, laughed the most hearty;
Bill Johnstone, he too was another,
Besides Tom Lambe and his young brother,
Who very quickly took to flight,
Altho' the man was out of sight.
When stopping short, they turned round,
And, to their consternation, found
That Johnstone had the awful gun,
Which, in his haste away to run,
He had not hid behind a tree.
"If it's not put somewhere," said he,
"We shall be fairly caught or nabbed,
And all our ammunition grabbed;"
With other pleasantries besides,
Such as, "If caught, they'll tan our hides,"
"Besides, my blessed hands do smell,
I rather sorry am to tell,

So very 'loudly' of gunpowder,
And I'm afraid will smell the 'louder'
When I import them in the school,
I must say that I am a fool
So to forget what I was after."
This speech produced a roar of laughter.
"Behind the hedge I'll throw the gun,
And then to school we all must run,
To-morrow we'll come here and find it;
You see that tree?—well, it's behind it.
I now will rub my hands with herbs;
I say, Jack Leach, d'ye know your verbs,
For at my Latin grammar book
I have not ta'en a single look."
So off to school they roundly trot,
And while so doing, make a plot
About the morrow's fresh adventure,
Or else the day's impending censure.
They reach again the old school-house,
Where, like a timid little mouse,
Each one presenteth his appearance,
With rather too much interference

Upon the part of curious playmates,
Whereon the innocents display slates,
And make pretence to write their themes,
Yet, notwithstanding, each one seems
As if bent fully on his task,
Were you to search, you'd find a mask
Does their real state of feeling hide,
And also that, in their inside,
Their hearts are throbbing with the doubt-
Ful thought, that murder may come out.
An incident like this appears
More grave in youth than after years,
And for that reason I expect
It had upon them more effect
Than otherwise it might have done;
But they survived it every one.

CHAPTER VII.

THEY never found the gun again,
Which caused them all a little pain,
But that they very soon forgot,
And let me ask, pray who would not
When something else they have in view,
Which they can put in practice too?
'T was very near bonfire week,
They all of them hedge-clippings seek
And look for each half-holiday,
On which they'll have a jolly day.
One party soon provides a rope,
Which all the others think and hope
Will prove at all events so strong,
That it will pull the wood along.
Another fellow gets a bill-hook,
Who revels in the name of Bill Hook;

Another one a good sharp saw,
His name, perhaps, may be G. Saw
And now the puns all fly about,
And those who listen cry "get out,"
Then rush hilarious through the town,
And hunt the hedges up and down,
From which the wood has just been cut;
"Oh! here's some, Bradshaw, in a rut,"
Exclaims the first successful boy,
Whereat they all themselves employ,
And steadily proceed to pack it,
And break it up, or smaller crack it.
One next supplies a first-rate cart,
Made of a fir-bough, and a part
That's very bushy, and, indeed,
To bushy be and large it need;
For it must hold a deal of wood,
On top of which a boy is stood,
To load and tightly pack the stuff,
And when they think they have enough,
Which is as much as they can carry,
Not any longer do they tarry,

But pull like Trojans at the rope,
With every confidence and hope
That for the purpose it is strong,
And thus they get the wood along
At a remarkably good rate,
Although it often is the fate
Of one among the train to fall,
Not to be wondered at at all;
Perhaps he just may graze his skin,
Or break his collar-bone or shin.
Each boy, and at his own expense,
Is in a box to put sixpence,
Which fireworks and wood will buy,
Candles and rockets that go high
Into the clear or foggy air,
And I have not the least doubt where,
Although perhaps you've often seen,
You certainly have never been.
Now all, on the expected day,
At the old bonfire pack away,
And what a big one it will be,
And something else, oh! let me see,

A barrel, whence the tar does drop,
And pole, with ugly Guy at top,
The Pope, or some one else as grand,
In effigy, with squibs in hand,
Are in the playground to be seen,
Which a geeen meadow once has been.
After their tea, they all go out,
And squibs and crackers fly about,
Besides a lot of stunning rockets;
"Don't put those crackers in your pockets,"
Screams Grundy. "Use your cap or hat,
You'd better, much, put them in that."
Two Peelers, walking round about,
Are both, I think, on the look out;
A rascal steals squibs from the cap
Of a green boy, that is "new chap,"
And tries to "hook it" with the prize,
Whilst verdant, with another, tries
With all his might and main to hold
Him, till a Peeler has been told.
The crusher boxes well his ears,
And urchin slopes away in tears.

At eight o'clock, the bell does ring,
At which sound every boy goes in;
Old Mrs. Grundy waits to learn
If any imp has had a burn.
Well, then they all go up to bed,
And there the animals are fed,
For in the playground there was—what?
A boy with "baked 'taters, all hot,"
And they at once do set about
Turning the murphies inside out;
Indeed, upon the white-scrubbed floor,
There are of peels at least a score.
Down, therefore, one gent. humbly kneels,
And says it's one of his best meals,
Then picks the floury jackets up,
And off them sumptuously sup,
Thinking them very nice, no doubt,
But some of window are thrown out.
Now truly, too, I do declare,
That heavy demon, old nightmare,
Visits with visions not a few
Of the ex-peelers, who can do

No less than bellow out a scream,
Wake up, and find it's all a dream.
Others, perhaps, may loudly cry out,
And in their fear attempt to fly out
Of both their sleep and downy beds,
And tumble down upon their heads ;
Or get a most refreshing blow,
Which pretty quickly lets them know
They are not, as they fancied, dreaming,
But that, instead, the brain is teeming,
Of each poor miserable *cratur*,
Who freely owns he's a spectator
Of gluttony, each of the other;
With clothes they then proceed to smother
Themselves, and soundly fall asleep,
And in such light refreshment keep,
Until the early rays of dawn
Are quite sufficient them to warn
That they must up, and down stairs go;
Oh! reader, then, you little know
Their truly sad and wretched thoughts;
They think that the long-looked-for sports,

Experienced the day before,
Have vanished forth for evermore,
Departed, not to be forgotten,
Until the squib-cases are rotten;
And when at last they are revived,
The thought of how they that day thrived
Will glad their little hearts again,
And make them happy in the main.

CHAPTER VIII.

Once more the time goes creeping on,
While all, ay, every homo John,
Are of the holidays a-thinking,
And at it to each other winking.
Their hearts, indeed, are very light,
They're friendly now, and seldom fight,
Which I should say is all the better, a
Poem says "Let dogs," et cetera.
Old Grundy's cow is taken ill,
So dangerously, that to kill
The beast is what ought to be done;
"Oh no, sir, I know there is one,"
Exclaimed a boy, who liked a walk,
He then profusely 'gan to talk
Of a veterinary doctor,
Who lived close by, a Mr. Procter;

By Grundy's looks, this foxy sees,
On the suggestion he agrees;
He therefore goes at once and gets him,
'Cause Mr. Grundy calmly lets him.
It being rather late at night,
The poor preceptor's in a fright,
For fear his favourite cow might die,
He therefore patiently stands by,
And anxious studies ev'ry movement,
To see if there is an improvement,
By any odd chance, taken place,
In the old cow's expressive face.
He stays there such a precious time,
That boys up stairs pronounce it prime,
To be left to themselves alone,
And say at any rate they'll own
It is to them the rarest treat,
For they can freely use their feet,
Without the fear of being tasked,
Or even of their being asked
"Who is that boy that's out of bed?"
And seeing then a great black head,

Into their room quick, presto, pop,
Resembling much a trundled mop.
A boy is sent out for some string,
Alarming tidings he does bring,
That the next room is up in bolsters,
That stockings, too, are in their holsters;
That they have tied, from bed to bed,
A string which sent him on his head.
Then preparations for defence
Are made with prudence and good sense.
The messenger, he who was sent
For string, was, as he quiet went,
So very frightfully abused,
Besides his being much ill-used,
That they resolve to give them battle,
So off they march, and bolsters rattle,
And meet the fierce resisting foe,
While many a thrust and many a blow,
That night at random's ta'en and given,
And likewise many a head is driven
Against the hard unfeeling wall,
Until at length a sudden fall

That is, he walks to every bed,
Inquisitively puts his head
Right o'er the shoulder of each boy,
When, to his unexpected joy,
He sees one with the bolster gone,
And in it lies a lad forlorn,
'Tis impudent young Harry Jones,
Who, when discovered, loudly groans.
He has, poor fellow, rap on rap,
From Grundy's unrelentless strap,
Upon his palms, on the next morning,
Which chastisement he thinks a warning.

CHAPTER IX.

I MUST, before my tale I close,
A little more on you impose.
The holidays are very near
And each boy pulls his fellow's ear,
Informing him he mustn't squeak,
Because as how it's the last week.
Some not in the same light can view it,
And therefore feel they're forced to do it,
An ancient form of Grundy's school,
And carried out as a strict rule.
Some think that Leach 'll have a prize,
And some, that he and Snooks are ties.
They have not very much to do,
Their tasks are nearly all got through,
They're walking round about in groups,
Or perhaps a bowling of their hoops,

A few discussing bygone teachers,
Descanting on their looks and features.
The bell rings, and they enter in
The school-room, on each face a grin ;
It is with candles brightly lighted,
And Grundy's friends, too, are invited,
To spend the evening, tea, and sup,
But more to see the breaking-up.
The boys, once filled with wine and cake,
To sing a song, proposals make.
'Tis sung by one of the sweet dears,
And loud applauded with three cheers ;
Another song or two they sing,
And really make the schoolroom ring ;
For all are merry, blithe, and gay,
And jovial,—but time slips away.
So one says, "We should not do wrong,
Were we to have Breaking-up Song."
No sooner is that same proclaimed ;
Than also is the songster named.
A youth, whose voice each boy believes
Equals the organ of Sims Reeves ;

The *tenor* rises to comply,
When all suggest he must be dry,
And offer him a glass of wine,
Which he pronounces very fine,
And, without any further fuss,
Proceeds to warble mildly thus.*

"Christmas holidays draw near,
Let your hearts be free from fear,
Let your hearts be merry and gay,
Because we know it's breaking-up day,
Breaking-up day, breaking-up day,
Because we know it's breaking-up day.

"Books and slates we bid adieu,
For we care no more for you;
If we do, it's all in fun,
For we know that school is done.
School is done, &c.

* This being an original song, and not the author's composition, has been rendered *verbatim*.

"Mrs. Grundy's very kind,
'Cos she gives us cake and wine;
Mr. Grundy's much the same,
'Cos he gives us strap and cane.
Strap and cane, &c.

"Mrs. Grundy's very good,
She provides the best of food,
Mutton, veal, and beef-steak pies,
Capital puddings we have likewise.
Have likewise, &c.

"Monday Mr. Gough comes in,
With his bow and violin;
Now, young gentlemen, bow low,
And please endeavour to point your toe.
Point your toe, &c.

"Wednesday morning, when we rise,
See what joy is in our eyes,
See the boxes in the hall,
Waiting for the carrier's call.
Carrier's call, &c.

"Into the coach we all do crowd,
Mr. Grundy cries aloud,
'Now, young gentlemen, silent be,
Or else come back and stay with me.'
Stay with me, &c.

"When we get to Charing Cross,
See King Charles on his black horse,
If he don't get out of the way,
We'll let him know it's going-home day.
Going-home day, &c.

"When we get to the Elephant and Castle,
'Now, my dear, where is your parcel?'
'Oh, here it is, my dear mamma,
Now let's be off and see papa.'
See papa, &c.

"When the holidays are expired,
Back to school we are desired,
Some on coach, and some on foot,
Oh, how dismal we do look.
We do look," &c.

The prizes then are given out,
Some boys don't know what they're about;
When they go in to say their prayers
They must not show off any airs.
The boxes in this room are packed,
And many of them nicely cracked;
On one of these a boy does get,
Who feels it going down, and yet
He doesn't know where he is lying,
Until he finds that he is crying;
Nor can he walk in a straight line,
Because he's taken too much wine.
No wonder that he doesn't know
Where he and the play-box did go.
They all ascend the wooden hill,
Where they remain content, until
They're rung up early the next day,
And ready get to go their way.
Harry about the place did roam,
Thinking of all he'd left at home.
What do you think he's waiting for?
The coach which drives up to the door;

The very same which brought him there
Had stopped to take him back to where
His heart will merry Christmas cheer,
As well as a happy new year.
And now, his first half having run,
Kind friends, adieu, my story's done.

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